

SCOTT COUNTY KICKER

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MACHINE FARMING AT HAND.

The Days of the Man with "Forty Acres and a Mule" are Numbered.—The "Factory Farm" Next.

Mr. Home-owning Farmer, do you know that the goblines 'll get ye if ye don't watch out?

How many of you are seriously thinking about what may—and will—happen to you and yours?

There is one thing you will not deny. Each year the home-owners become fewer and fewer. On an average three of every four families are tenants—have to pay somebody for a place to squat on God's Foot-Stool.

Aint that so? If you doubt it, look up the last census and convince yourself.

Now, if the plutes are disposing of you who were here and managed to get a little land when it was cheap, then how about your children?

How are they to get a home? Are you satisfied in the knowledge that they shall always be slaves?

But I didn't start out to talk about your children. I am wondering what is going to happen to you if there is yet as much as ten years of your life left?

Do you notice that all over the country land is being monopolized and that preparations are being made to produce wheat and corn and so on by machinery with which you can no more compete than the shoe maker can compete with the shoe factory?

What are you going to do with your forty acres and a mule when a corporation farm turns an acre of dirt in four minutes?

For some time the big bonanza farms of the west have been able to produce wheat at about thirty cents a bushel. They use steam or electric plows and cutting, threshing and sacking the wheat is all done at one operation.

And scientific farming has only begun. It was a long step from the wooden mould-board plow of 100 years ago to the sulky, or riding, plow. But what will you say of an outfit that plows fifty-five 14-inch furrows—or 64 feet wide?

A successful demonstration of such an outfit was made in Indiana, by the Oliver Plow Works last month. Commenting on the successful operation of this huge machine the Journal of Agriculture says:

"The back yard of the great

plow plant as the Oliver farm is known, was the scene of the world's greatest triumph in agriculture. The great Mogul gasoline tractor stood three abreast in front of a long row of shimmering steel—not of bayonets—but of shining plow shares; the engines seemed to be actually fretted—champed at the bits, as it were—to get under way; the mufflers were sounding the reveille—not to summons battalions of soldiers to arms, but to herald abroad man's conquest over nature. Finally, everything is in readiness and the field marshal gives the signal and they are off in a "bunch," marking strict time with the chug! chug! chug! of the mufflers, and move forward with a precision and stateliness that rivals the King's own guards.

This outfit plowed fifty-five furrows, 14 inches wide, or 64.16 feet. On the spur of the moment, one would think this great outfit would be unwieldy, but the truth is that corners were turned and the plows thrown out and in the ground with no more difficulty than is experienced in operating the ordinary traction plowing outfit. One or more sections of the plows could be detached in a moment, and the outfit could move forward without readjusting the hitch. The long gang was made up by connecting eleven sections, each section having five plows, and the sections were hitched together in a way that permitted the plows to follow the contour of the field easily and with an evenness in depth that was as surprising as it was uniform. One prominent citizen, who met the Moguls half way down the field, hailed us with the terse interrogative—"are you going to plow the whole township at one lick?"

Now, honest, Mr. Farmer, what ARE you going to do when you have to compete with that and all other kinds of improved machinery that will be used on the extensive farms, and which you cannot afford?

I'll tell you what you will do. You will do just like the shoe maker did—and just as all tradesmen have had to do after the machine drove them out of business. You'll go to the big farm for a job—and be glad to get it. You will be standing at the gate along with hundreds of others—begging for work.

You cannot own the machine—neither can you compete with it. Then you have nothing left but to follow the machine and hire to the owner.

That is what the tradesmen of

all crafts have had to do.

Of course, if enough of you are smart enough, you can head off all this by collectively owning the machine and the land.

But you are told that that sort of business would "break up the home," "free love," and so on.

About the only advantage the average home-owning farmer has over the wage-slave is that he owns his job—and he has to work awfully hard and be very economical to hold it. Most of them have let it slip—couldn't hold it.

While the home-owner owns his job, yet he does not own—nor has he any control over the outlet of his products. Like the wage-slave with labor to sell, he must find a buyer—and the buyer fixes the price!

The plutes have got it all figured out, and they give Mr. Hayseed just enough to pull thru on.

If he figures the interest on his investment and the wear and tear of machinery, he would have very little advantage over the tenant.

And this fact is so easily proven. How many home-owning farmers can afford to pay a hired hand one dollar a day the year around?

Not many, eh?

Well, if a farmer cannot pay a hand a dollar a day, is that not proof that he himself is not getting it? If farming paid more than a dollar a day per hand, he couldn't afford it, couldn't he?

But it doesn't. And to make ends meet he presses into service his wife and children. In many instances here lies the gain that is made—the butter, eggs, chickens and so on that mother sells.

And how does she sell them? Oh just like dad sells his corn and wheat and hogs.

She takes them to market and humbly inquires, "What will you give?"

The man who controls the market tells her—and she takes it. Ground-hog case.

Then she sees something she wants and again humbly asks: "What will you take?"

The man tells her—and she pays it. Ground-hog case.

How does the producer expect to win in a game like that? Yet some of them will walk ten miles to get to vote for it.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

It is evident that many people do not understand just why "the church" is opposed to Socialism or any other lam that the rulers oppose. It is for the same reason that the big papers are opposed to it. Both get their feed at the same trough.

There is a wide difference between "the church" and Christianity. The difference is often referred to as "Churchianity" and "Christianity."

"Christianity has never had a chance," said Rev. G. R. Lunn in a recent sermon at Rochester, N. Y. "Oh, my friends, I wonder what sort of a reception Jesus would get if he came to Rochester tonight as he came to those on the hills of Galilee?"

During the holidays the Saint Louis papers told of Rev. W. C. Bittling, of St. Louis, a disciple of churchianity, having his salary increased from \$6,000 to \$7,500 a year. Among the trustees of his church I noticed the names of some very rich men. The increase was the voluntary act of the trustees—and they probably pay it as they pay the salaries of other employees.

Since congressmen get no more than \$7,500 per year, the capitalists must consider a good sky-pilot as valuable as a good lawmaker. Good business men seldom make a bad investment.

Incidentally, the news account related that Rev. Bittling held 50 shares of Standard Oil stock.

With Standard Oil paying an annual dividend of 40 per cent, this means another \$2,000 for this follower of the Meek and Lowly.

If I owned all of the oil stock, the steel stock, the railroad stock and other stock held by the "eminent divines" of this country, J. P. Morgan's overcoat wouldn't have cloth enough in it to make me a watch-pocket.

A press dispatch from St. Paul during the holiday gives some additional light on how the rich appreciate the valuable services of their clergy. It reads:

"Archbishop Ireland has just received a 'royal ermine robe' fastened with a jeweled clasp, set with selected precious stones, as a golden anniversary gift from the wife of the railroad magnate, James J. Hill. The robe has a magnificent court train that would dazzle a durbur."

What do you suppose would have been the answer of Jesus if some Dives, thru his wife, had attempted to bribe him with a "royal ermine robe, fastened with a jeweled clasp, set with selected precious stones?"

Oh, the mockery of it all. Somewhere in the Bible it is related that a rich man became a believer in Christ and asked him what he should do. "Sell what you have and give to the poor," was the command. There were no rich among the early Christians. But they are the whole cheese now.

The rich have done to Christianity exactly what Bryan and the Democratic party did to Populism in 1896—endured and swallowed it.

DEPENDS ON WHO IS WHO.

A Milwaukee dispatch to the Chicago Record-Herald says: "Contracts held by actors for work on Sunday are not legal according to a decision of Judge Halsey in the suit of Rose T. Warwick, an actor, against Sherman Brown, manager of the Davidson theater. Warwick alleges that in December, 1908, he contracted with Brown for ten performances for ten weeks at a salary of \$250 a week, but that after seven weeks he was discharged. He asked \$750 for the remaining three weeks. Brown contended that as Warwick's contract provided for Sunday work that the instrument was not valid."

Of course this actor was a working man. Mr. Brown is the employer—the capitalist who would use the working man unless there is profit in it. Evidently Mr. Brown failed to realize the expected profit, and his religious scruples began to worry him. He had disobeyed the law of God and man by employing an actor to work on Sunday!

The courts—always ready to help out a conscience-smitten employer—says Mr. Brown has no right to jeopardize his chances to twang the golden harp—in the Sweet bye-and-bye.

Sure! But there is Uncle Sam who contracts with the railroad companies to haul the mails on Sundays—and pays about four prices for the job!

Then there are the railroads and pretty nearly all other public service or private corporations who contract for the service of their employees on Sunday!

Oh, well; that's a white horse of another color.

Great is "the law."

People who try to appear so awfully nice don't always show up to the best advantage when the light is turned on.

HOW THE MIGHTY DRAP.

It was a sad, gloomy Christmas for the "best people" of Benton. The rest of us never have any other kind. But when "society" droops its head it makes us all weep.

For the second time Thos. F. Rucker, editor of the court house organ and leader in things social in Benton, had mysteriously disappeared without leaving any address.

His first disappearance occurred soon after his arrival here about 18 months ago. The Arkansas authorities were after him. He was arrested in Arizona and taken back to Arkansas charged with embezzlement.

The matter was straightened out and ever since he has been cutting a wide swath in Scott county. He had charge of the party organ here and warned the "good people" of Scott county against "Hainierism." With unlimited backing he was making a desperate effort to destroy the Kicker.

The 1912 campaign was approaching and the Democrats seemed to look to him as their savior. In addition to the paper here he had bought—on credit, of course—the plant of the old Twin City Republican at Illinois and started it up.

But Rucker knows his business. He is no "cheap skate." He believes in getting a part of what there is in being a Democrat.

A meeting of the Democratic central committee was called to meet here December 18. It seems that the purpose of the call was to raise funds to start the 1912 campaign.

There being no dues-paying membership of the Democratic party it was necessary to resort to other means. Just what happened is only street rumor. "The party" does not let out its secrets for publication.

According to these rumors Rucker insisted that \$1,000 was necessary as a starter.

That would indicate that the party in power feels that it has a job on its hands. But the patriots have not been used to such rude jolts. A five or ten spot to a rooster to buy booze for the boys has been the limit heretofore. So it was decided that \$500 would set off the fire-works until the committee met again.

Accordingly a note was drawn up and the necessary signatures attached. Whether the note was made payable to Mr. Rucker, or to the Printing Company, the Kicker did not learn. But it was a 12-month note and a few days later Mr. Rucker tried to get the money on it from the Illinois bank. The note was gilt-edged, but the bank did not have the money to loan on so long a time. This much I have from an attaché of the bank. If Rucker has since been able to cash the note the Kicker has not heard of it.

Very soon checks issued by Rucker began to pour into the various banks of the county where he had no money. During the first week about a dozen were received at the Benton Bank, according to the cashier. Sikeston and Charleston suffered, as did also Illinois and Forefront. It is the most daring exploit of an upholder of "law and order" that has ever come under my observation. The Sikeston Standard says:

"Several Sikeston business houses and banks are feeling a little blue over the return of checks which they cashed for T. F. Rucker, sometime editor of the Scott county Democrat at Benton, a paper owned, it is understood, by a number of Scott county citizens. Rucker was in Sikeston last week, Thursday, and during his stay cashed a check for \$20 at one bank, another for \$40 at another bank, one for \$15 at a bar, and one at least at a hotel. These checks have been returned protested by the bank in Benton."

Only recently Mr. Rucker declared that he "didn't know anything about Socialism and didn't want to know." But he seems to be onto the "dividing up" business. According to street rumor he got the boys good and plenty.

What is so comical about all this is that Rucker insisted that the "good people" of this place would be glad if the editor of the Kicker would leave town.

Perhaps the "good people" are not so well pleased over his departure—under the circumstances.

The Kicker is not surprised at the upheaval in the Democratic dung-heep. Any observer could have foreseen the outcome.

Rucker is not to be blamed. Any other kind of a man would not do the dirty work for his political

masters. And the problem now is. Where will they find another? The "old buzzard" is still here. But where is the parrot? Bring on another boss—one that will stand hi.

"REVOLUTION."

The word revolution is a term at which every ruling class of every age has shied. In the past most revolutions have been bloody because the oppressed who revolted had no other means of throwing off their oppressors.

But the word itself is very offensive to the "better class" and the masses are taught to believe that a revolutionist is an anarchist and a criminal.

At this very moment the whole world is in revolt. In some quarters it appears as violent; elsewhere it is peaceful. Where the people have no voice in government, there they often resort to force—for there is no other way. Where the people have the ballot it is peaceful.

On Christmas day a friend said to me: "Aint it awful? Did you ever see things so quiet on Christmas?"

To which I replied: "Nothing strange about that. We are in the midst of a peaceful revolution."

"What do you mean?" asked my capitalist friend.

"The people are sullen and quiet," said I. "What you see here you could see all over the country. They refuse to be longer deceived by 'Merry Christmas,' or Fourth of July displays."

And it is so. And because we Socialists call a spade a spade we are called everything by the rulers and their lackeys—except desirable citizens. Yet we keep out of jail—except for teaching and writing the truth.

Yes, we are revolutionists. We are again the government as now organized for the benefit of the idle, ruling class. We denounce the servile and corrupt courts, as well as the servile and corrupt so-called "public servants" of every kind. We expose the servile press and pulpit.

Because we do these things we are called anarchists, disturbers, atheists, free lovers, etc.

But what of it? Haven't the rebels against tyranny always been called that?

Do you suppose the English nobility and its lackeys in this country had any better opinion of George Washington or Patrick Henry?

The people of the United States of today could say to the revolutionary fathers: "You gagged at a gnat; we swallow the elephant and applaud."

The rebellion against English rule was the result of what the colonists considered unjust taxation. Yet we pay all sorts of taxes that all of us know to be robbery—and then march in the 4th of July parade!

Great monkeys—we are.

Among the things that brought on the American revolution was a tax on tea. Now, tea is not a necessity, but a luxury. But the Fathers refused to stand for such a tax, and when the cargoes of tea were landed in Boston harbor the Americans disguised as Indians boarded the ships and threw the tea into the sea.

That was some anarchy wasn't it? Yet we "free born" American suckers of today pay a tax on everything we eat, drink or wear.

Oh, but we're smart. True, we do not pay it to the King of England, but is it any satisfaction to pay it to Financial kings of our own making?

Somewhat, I always was a rebel, and I like the rebels of the past. The dumping of the tea in Boston harbor caused the English troops to be quartered in the city—just as our own troops are sent into strike districts.

That may be said to have been the beginning of the revolution. The people of Massachusetts began to arm themselves—and this preparation for a fight spread to the other colonies.

The "Boston tea party," as the dumping of the tea was called, and the placing of English troops in "disorderly" communities, aroused the patriots of all the colonies. To show you how anarchistic and revolutionary our forefathers were, I quote from the speech of Patrick Henry urging his countrymen to resist:

"It is vain to extenuate the matter," said Henry. "Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! But there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What

is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

So you see, even in that day the "gentlemen" wanted peace. They always object to being dumped out of the saddle. But Henry was not of the "gentlemen." He was an "undesirable citizen."

Then there was another "undesirable citizen" by the name of George Washington. He, also, was an outlaw and disturber who had not the proper respect for "law and order."

About the time that Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech in the Virginia assembly Washington expressed himself thusly:

"The once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

Now, all this happened more than a century ago. Since then we have "advanced"—so we are told.

The colonists had no voice in government—no representative in the British parliament.

But we have the ballot and elect our own misrepresentatives. We vote for the fellow that we think will win—because we don't want to lose our vote.

We are the smartest set of d-d fools that run loose anywhere.

Harrah for Hoosay!

Vote or straight.

March, about vote and pay the taxes. The politicians will do the rest.

ARE THEY SO IGNORANT?

Some of the presidential candidates are seeking to make themselves solid with Wall street by fierce denunciations of the initiative and referendum. They assume that an attempt will be made to endorse these reforms in the next democratic national platform and are virtuously protesting in advance. There is no likelihood of any attempt being made to secure an endorsement of the initiative and referendum in the national platform of 1912, but the discussion of the issue will serve a useful purpose. A candidate's position on these subjects—IF HE UNDERSTANDS THEM—indicates his position on other questions—Bryan's Companion.

Having been three times a candidate for the presidency Mr. Bryan ought to be authority on the average intelligence of a presidential candidate. Yet he seems to doubt that the average candidate for the presidency understands so simple and so vital a governmental question as the initiative or referendum!

Of course he refers to capitalist candidates. He knows that the Socialists understand such measures—not only the candidates but the rank and file as well. When it comes to political economy—which means the science of government—any Socialist has-seed can put the whole tribe of capitalist "smart men" out of business. That is why the parties refuse to meet the Socialists in debate.

A capitalist official doesn't have to know anything. The less he knows, the better. All he has to do is to obey orders. Having been in power so long they have increased their salaries to a point where it would seem that to fill the position would require the services of an intelligent man. Hence public officials of a country like Scott get from \$2,000 to \$3,000 per year, who could not command \$1,000 per year if privately employed.

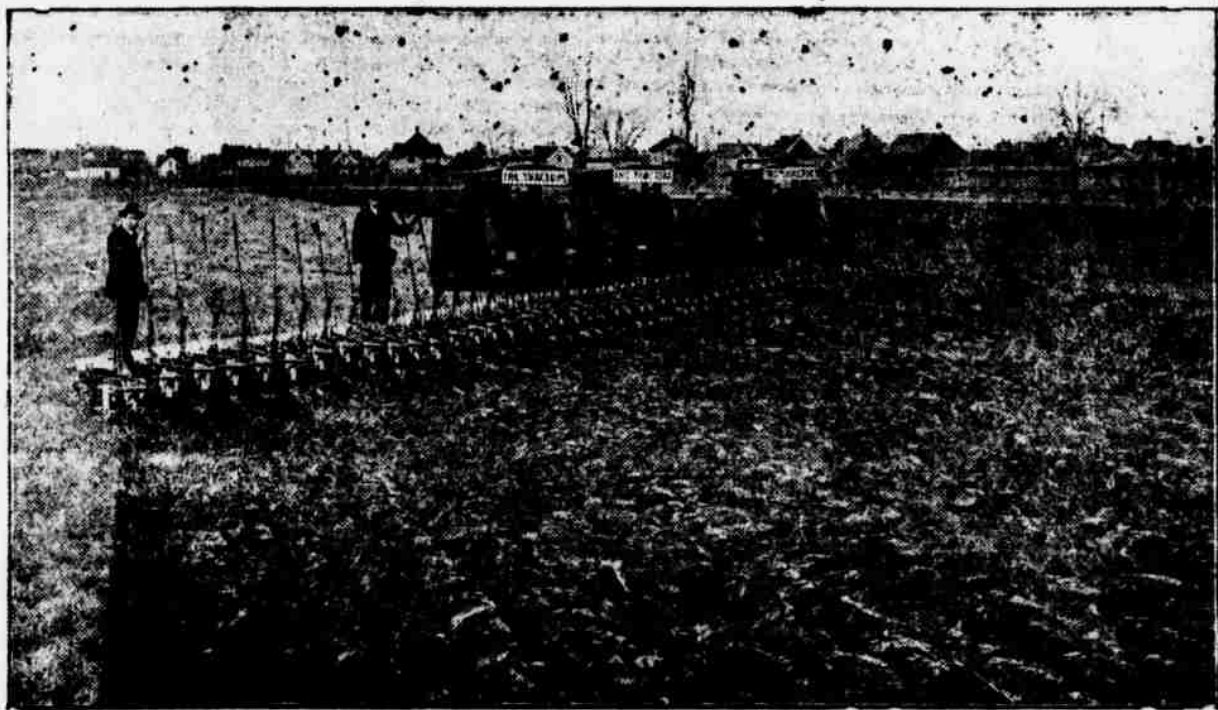
In discussing the newspaper business I have sometimes caused surprise by admitting that "any d-d fool can run a newspaper." But I will have to modify that statement some. The men who consider themselves capable of conducting the county's affairs must be excepted.

There is a performance on in Chicago called "The Prosecution of the Beef Trust." While it is not a new play, yet many people enjoy it—especially the "special counsel for the government." The show will continue until after the fall election. Many similar performances will be started in the different states during the season, and much entertainment may be expected. You might as well take in the show for you have to foot the bill anyway.

Usually the man who would rather be right than president soon acquires a reputation of being poor, but honest.

Many a man who claims to be self-made has a wife who boxed the job.

Bring on another boss!



—Cartoon by Courtesy of Journal of Agriculture.

The Machine that will "Get" the Small Farmer.

SANTA CLAUS AINT FAIR.

There is a great difference as to what Santa Claus means to little children. The newspapers reported the Christmas of little Vincent Welch McLean, of Washington, D. C.

Although this little child never earned a penny, yet it is heir to many millions. Its papa was a boss pirate. Santa brought it a big pine tree from the forests of Maine and loaded it down with presents valued at many thousands of dollars.

In the same city another child, born of poor parents, wrote Santa a letter. She did not ask for presents, but for work for mamma and herself. "Dear Santa," she wrote, "do you or your wife need lace washing? My mother's old we don't want any charity—I kin help her."

Santa Claus is like our law—one kind for the rich and another kind for the poor.

From all over the country come pathetic Christmas stories. At New Haven, Conn., Mrs. Catherine Coleman was brought into court charged with shop-lifting. "I wanted to give my children something from Santa Claus as I have

always done, but I didn't have the money, judge, so I had to steal," was her plea.

In Chicago James Riley was arrested for begging. He was sent to prison for his Christmas dinner.

"That's the only dinner I would get, judge," he said, "I've been trying to get work."

A Chicago steam fitter, out of work, broke a store window. When arrested he said, "I want to go to jail where I can get something to eat. I have tramped the streets for two weeks looking for work of any kind, but failed to find it. I haven't had a meal for 24 hours and am starving."

Say, Mr. Plute, do you think your prisons have any terrors for such people?

There are laboring men (with capitalist minds) who, if they were to tie all their clothes on a stick couldn't fan the flies out of a sugar barrel, yet they oppose Socialism because they don't want to divide up.

Whenever a war-scare is started the Socialists are first to protest against war. Wars are inaugurated for the profits of the masters, and workers are set against workers to slaughter each other lives—just as workers are set against workers at elections to slaughter each other's votes. Because Socialists are opposed to these crimes they are accused of being anarchists, agin religion, and so on.

The newspapers reported that three of the idle, useless parasites of this country gave their idle, useless wives \$500,000 Christmas presents each. That would supply 1,500 homeless families with \$1,000 homes each. But so long as the masses vote to be homeless in order that the idle rich may revel in luxury, who is to be blamed. People always get what they vote for in a "free" country.

Heroes of the Roosevelt-Hobson stripes are like Sunday sermons—made to order and soon forgotten.

Where ignorance is bliss it is so easy to hand out capitalist dope.